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it should prove of value to all who care for life in its strangeness and vastness. Future editions, however, would be improved by the addition of an index.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE. RENDERED OUT OF THE FRENCH INTO ENGLISH BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER. With twenty illustrations reproduced in facsimile of the original water-color drawings, by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1911.

Among the noteworthy holiday books is Chaucer's version of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, with "twenty illustrations reproduced in facsimile of the original water-color drawings, by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks."

This is a pleasant and taking book, not only to those who know their Chaucer and who are always glad to welcome an old friend, but also to those who have yet to make his delightful acquaintance. Moreover, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, "rendered out of the French into English by Geoffrey Chaucer," one may read to his edification the sort of *short story* that charmed the lords and ladies of six hundred years ago. It is a tale and not a tale, fancy, allegory, morality all combined, with something of the naïve dream quality preserved throughout. The illustrators have been most happy in catching something of the real and unreal, of fancy and of actuality, of the times, and of our own reconstruction of the times. The picture of the "God of Love" is particularly fanciful and graceful. In feeling and color the illustrations are distinctive and beautiful, and while they belong, of course, to the Pre-Raphaelite School, they have, nevertheless, a sufficiently marked originality of their own. And though the pictures differ in artistic feeling and poetic imagination, yet on the whole they are very fairly expressive of the classic work they so finely adorn.

THE BOOK OF LOVE. ESSAYS, POEMS, MAXIMS, AND PROSE PASSAGES. ARRANGED BY ARTHUR RANSOME. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1911.

Here is still another gift-book, timely and pleasant. Love is a mansion of many rooms, ceiled with cedar and painted with vermillion; a song of many strains; a doom or a reward, according to the nature of its votary. Said Love, the Lord of Nobleness, to Dante, "I am as the center of a circle for which all parts of the circumference are equal." But this is love in its highest, finest, subtlest revelation. Love is always a word to conjure with, and since all men love a lover, Mr. Ransome has done excellently in thus bringing together some of the best expressions of the universal feeling. Nor is this, *The Book of Love*, one of those volumes of "Elegant Extracts"—that thing of shreds and patches abhorred of lover and book-lover alike, for what Mr. Ransome gives he gives in its entirety, even to the "Song of Solomon," whose true center of the circumference is, "Set me as a seal upon thy heart," but eight lines in all, and yet holding the essence of a thousand love-tales. Mr. Ransome's range is wide, including both poetry and prose, going from this Song of Songs through times and

tastes and fancies to Emerson's "Essay on Love," with its strong platonic cast. With such an embarrassment of riches, all the world of song and verse and prose before him, Mr. Ransome has shown nice skill in his selections. That he has given so much as a *whole* makes the book the more interesting to the general reader; and to the student—thus to have much brought together and made easily available—the book is made doubly welcome.

TALES. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1911.

According to Mencius, the Chinese philosopher, "He only is great who has kept his child's heart." And in this sense we may all account ourselves fortunately "great," since in reading Hans Christian Andersen, who does not feel that he has indeed kept his child's heart? For these consummate stories seem only the finer and more unique, are found to be only the more universally appealing as time goes on—so essentially true are they to Immortal Youth. The stories without pictures are enough, perhaps, but as genius in its turn inspires both genius and talent, any illustrator may be pardoned for attempting such a subject.

Among the most noticeable Christmas books, then, is a copy of Andersen, twelve of his famous tales, very beautifully illustrated with marginal illuminations, and with pictures quite unusual in feeling and color. Sel-dom does anything so sumptuous come into a child's possession, and the pictures are of such quality that they will appeal to older persons as well. Where all is so good it seems almost unnecessary to choose out any for special mention, but "The Nightingale," with its truly Chinese setting and effect, and the "Little Sea-Maid" are particularly noticeable. The color-schemes are beautiful, and the fairylike, dreamlike quality of the Tales themselves, the fascinating possibility of the True behind the Seeming Real, has been preserved throughout. This is among the most charming gift-books of the season.

UNDER WESTERN EYES. By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

If fiction is to be written as present-day history, and it is coming so to be written, then it must make allowance for the instinctive thirst for happiness. For that thirst is just as much a truth of man's complex nature as any other truth, and so necessitates recognition. The very crimes that are committed in liberty's name, the intrigues and counter-intrigues of Russia's struggle for self-expression rather than for freedom, are so many signs of the thirst for happiness. This instinctive craving also implies vague conceptions, poor and tawdry though many of them be, and it is part of the novelist's duty, as well as his high privilege, to comprehend *all* of life: possibility, probability, actuality, ideality—*everything*. The historian takes what is given him and deals with what we call facts—actions demonstrable, documents provable—and puts no more nor other construction upon these than the consensus of opinion and of experience will warrant. Not so the novelist. His business and the historian's is